

Jail House Rock by adkinsmayo

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Summary:

Prompt Request Fill: Idk man I just want a jim hopper fic where he is just large and in charge (idk if you do smut but office smut would be great)

You love Halloween. Hopper absolutely does not. You both have to attend a costume office party at the precinct and you beg him to dress in a couples costume with you. He says no, but you manage to find a loophole. Hopper's going to pissed.

Jail House Rock

You loved Halloween. Hopper absolutely hated it. He especially hated the Halloween office party he was 'forced' to attend. This would be the first time he brought you along though. It actually would be the first time bringing a date to any sort of office party. Flo had told the both of you that costumes were mandatory but you knew there was no way Hopper would be showing up in anything other than jeans and a flannel. He probably wouldn't even be bothered to change out of his uniform since the party was just after his shift ended. You begged Hopper to dress up in a matching couple costume with you but it was to no avail. He was keen on upholding his strong beliefs that "anyone dressing up for Halloween that was over the age of 13, looks like an idiot." You tried to fight with him on it by asking him what he wore to the Halloween parties he went to in high school. He said he'd just wear what he always wore, a white t-shirt, jeans, and a leather jacket and that everyone just assumed he was dressed as James Dean. You pleaded with him to pull that outfit out again and you two could be Sid and Nancy, but he said he'd prefer not to dress as the boyfriend who stabbed his girlfriend. There was no use fighting him anymore on the subject but you didn't hide your disappointment from him, no matter how childish it seemed. You'd hoped he would budge by the time of the party, you even managed to get your hands on a pair of black leather pants, just in case. But it was the day of the party, the day before Halloween. You sat at home, watching TV, reading, cleaning, and just doing anything else to pass the time. You still had no idea what you were going to wear. Apart of you wanted to show up in a head to toe Nancy Spungen get up, making Hop look like the idiot not matching with you and being the only one not dressed up. But it didn't really seem worth it seeing as you would not only have to try and squeeze into those tight leather pants you'd also have to put up with wearing them the whole night. You can almost hear the squeaks the thick fabric would make as you walked around the room and you'll no doubt be sweating your ass off. Leather is not known for its breathability. Squeaky and sweaty, not really the first impression you want to give to Jim's coworkers. So you use this as an excuse to blow some time and run into town to grab a plain-jane dress to wear instead. You tried your absolute hardest not to look into the window of the thrift shop as you passed

by, but you couldn't help but just glance for just a second. That's when you spot it. The absolute perfect dress for you to wear was right there on the mannequin in the window. You immediately head inside and ask the woman at the front desk to get the dress off of the mannequin for you to try on. Hopper is going to be pissed.

The party started at 7 but you didn't pull up to the station until around 7:30, fashionably late, I guess you could say. But if you're really being honest it was because you wanted to build the anticipation as much as possible and maybe make a little bit of a grand entrance. There weren't too many cars in the parking lot but you could see a pretty hefty crowd all dressed in cheesy costumes through the glass doors. As you walk inside however, your grand entrance is squashed by the overwhelming feeling that you might be a tad underdressed. You pull your dress down, now acutely aware that the form fitting dress ends halfway down your thigh. You scan across the room in the hopes of finding Hopper so you could hide behind him. You can feel your cheeks start to go pink as you can feel everyone's eyes on you. Or maybe you were just imagining it. Either way you decide to head over to the drinks table. You had gotten so caught up in this plan to somewhat prank Hopper as soon as you saw the dress in the window. But it's too late to back out now. You took a deep breath and poured yourself a drink. "What the hell are you wearing?" You hear Jim's gruff voice come from behind you. Even though you couldn't see him yet, you could tell he was stifling a laugh. You adjust the black and white striped hat you were wearing and turn around to show Jim the rest of your matching outfit. It was a tight fitting, short, black and white striped prisoner-like dress with buttons all the way down your front. You were wearing black kitten heels to match. "Well, I figured you probably weren't going to change out of your uniform before the party, and since you didn't want to be Sid and Nancy I decided to make it easy on you. While also tricking you into dressing in a couples costume with me." You step closer to him press a chaste kiss on his cheek before starting to fidget with his work-worn uniform. "Well, uh-" Hopper lets out a cough. "You look really great." You notice bite hit bottom lip before looking you up and down. His hand goes around your waist as he continues to let his eyes trail over your body. Your cheeks return to the pink shade they were earlier. Before Hopper's hand could travel any further and make your cheeks grow even warmer, you take your free hand to

intertwine with the one on your hip. "Why thank you, Hop. I've always thought of myself to have a real talent for improvising." He laughs as he squeezes your hand and brings his other up to your face, rubbing his thumb over your cheek. "I'll say." You laugh before turning your head away from his hand to scan the room again. "Why don't you introduce me to some people?" You start to pull him in the direction of a circle of people but he stops you. "How about we grab another drink first, I'm not drunk enough for that." You laugh at him before releasing your hand from his and heading over to refill your cup.

After what felt like a lifetime of you and Hopper chit-chatting and small-talking with his coworkers, a small stereo from across the room started playing The Monster Mash. You didn't expect so many people to head closer to the stereo to dance, since dancing wasn't something that usually happened at office parties, but maybe everyone had just gotten to drunk to care. You laughed as Flo headed in that direction and you prepared yourself for a show. But just before she started to break out her moved Hopper's mouth was right up on your ear. "Follow me." He whispers to you before grabbing your hand. You hesitate for a minute. "Just come on. Please." You nodded slightly before sneaking off with Hopper into his office.

Before you could even ask what was going on, his mouth was on yours. You let out a small yelp and your body stiffened in surprise. But it didn't take long for you to relax and wrap your hands around his neck to deepen the kiss. Hopper breaks the kiss to let out a laugh, his lips just hovering over yours. "Did you really think you could wear that and expect me to keep my hands off of you?" He presses his lips back onto yours and moans against them before pulling away again. "God, you have no idea what you do to me, baby- I couldn't wait until we got home." He wraps his arms around you to pull you back into the kiss, moving you back until the back of your legs were touching the desk. He starts to unbutton your dress but you push away from him. "Wait, wait, Hopper. There's people right outside." He smirks and moves even closer to you to press his hips against yours, making his growing erection more apparent. You let in a sharp but quiet breath. "Well if you wouldn't have shown up in this costume," He fiddles with the bottom of your dress. "Then maybe I wouldn't be as hard right now. I can't go out there like this, so how

about you help me out, sweetheart. This is your fault, after all.” He leans closer to your face to kiss your jaw, moving his lips down your neck. “Hopper- I don’t know.” You really didn’t want him to stop but you knew that if something did go wrong, you could say you tried to stop it. But with your underwear dampening and the soft moans falling from your tongue as Jim began placing wet open-mouthed kisses over your warm skin, you knew he could tell you really didn’t want him to stop. “I’m not asking, sweetheart.” Normally that shit would piss you off; Jim was usually one to stop at any sign of hesitation but you couldn’t help but shiver at his firm tone against your neck. He grips your hips tight and he brings his lips back up to yours, grazing his tongue over your bottom lip, wanting more access. You parted your lips and you both let out a moan as your tongues start massaging one another. Hopper pulls you back closer to him so that your legs were no longer touching the desk and he begins to hike up your dress. But you grab his wrists to stop him. “Jim, wait- I’m not so sure-“ “You’re telling me that you don’t want this? That you don’t want me to kiss you like this?” He presses his lips back onto yours. He bites down on your bottom lip and pulls it back as he pulls away from you again. “That you don’t want me to pull up your dress,” His gently pecks your lips. “And fuck you against this desk?” You let out a light breathy moan at his convincing words. “That you don’t want me to make you come, make you scream my name?” You squeeze his wrists tight, trying to relieve this pressure built up in you in any sort of way. “Is that what you’re telling me?” He starts to pull away from you but the thought of him stopping made you want him even more. You let go of his wrists and latch onto his shirt to pull him back onto you, crashing your lips back onto his. You can feel him smirking against your lips as he continues to pull up your dress. His hands move around to grip onto your bare ass. “No panties?” He says as his mouth hovers over yours. “Dress is too tight.” Was all you could manage to squeak out. Hopper lifts his hand and brings it down hard on your ass, making you gasp- not in pain but in surprise. “If you dress like a bad girl, and act like a bad girl, then looks like I’ll have to treat you like one.” You let out a long shaky breath out and Hopper grips your hips again. You fucking loved it when Hopper took control like this. “Turn around.” You slowly turn around and Jim presses a hand in between your shoulders to push you to lean forward. You reach behind you to try and pull him closer to you, but it cost you another smack on the ass. “You don’t move unless I tell you to.

Understand?" You bite your bottom lip and quickly nod your head, he slaps your ass again- this time resting his hand and massaging where he had struck. "You know that won't cut it. You know better than that, baby." "Yes." You say to him through your heavy breathing. His hand comes down on your ass again, making you cry out this time. Your skin was stinging now but the sensation only made you more drenched. "Yes, what?" "Yes, sir!" You whimpered, desperate for him. He gently grips your hips to move you closer to the desk. "Put your elbows on the desk." You do as he says and place your hands flat on it's surface. Jim uses his foot to make you spread your legs further apart. He keeps one hand gripped tight on your hip but takes the other between your legs, dragging one finger over your slit, making you whine at the long awaited contact. "Jesus, you're so fucking wet, baby." You let out a moan through a sharp breath as he takes two fingers to circle your swollen bud, using his thumb to dip shallowly into you. He presses his two fingers hard on your clit and drags them towards him then curling them up inside of you, his thumb now barely grazing over your asshole. This new sensation set your nerves on fire, forcing a loud moan to escape your mouth. Hopper stops his motions causing you to whine and shift your hips slightly, urging him to continue. "As much as I love hearing you sweetheart, you're gonna have to be quiet for me, alright? If you're not quiet, I'll stop." "Yes- yes, sir." You say in between your stifled breaths. He resumes his motions, widening his circles to stretch your walls further and increasing the pressure with his thumb. You bite down on your lip to try and muffle the desperate sounds falling from your lips. Your walls start to flutter around his fingers as you edge closer to your orgasm. Hopper stops his motions once again, causing a more aggressive whine out of you. "Now what did I say sweetheart?" He removes his fingers from inside of you and pulls his hand away from you to slap your cheeks again. Your body was so overwhelmed; you nearly came right then and there. "You don't move unless I tell you to. You don't come unless I say you can." He says in a stern tone as he massages your tender ass. He pulls his hands off of you and you let out another whine at the lack of contact you so desperately wanted. You so desperately needed. You wanted to say something or move to get him to touch you again but you could hear the sweet sound of Jim's belt buckle being undone. You let out a long shaky breath, preparing yourself for the rush of pleasure to flood your body once again. You want to turn your head

and watch him release himself from the confines of his tight work pants, but you knew it would earn you another smack on your ass. Not that you didn't like it, but any more seconds spent with him not inside you was almost excruciating. He let out a huff as he finally pulled himself out, his rock hard cock barely grazing the raw skin on your ass. "Is this what you want?" He starts to slide his tip over your folds, spreading your slick and his precum throughout. "You want my thick cock deep inside you? You want me to let you come around my cock?" "Yes, sir!" You cried out to him. "Then say it. Tell me what you want." He shifts his tip to hover over your center, and barely pushes himself in. "I want- I want your cock inside of me! Oh god, please Jim. Please let me come on your cock pleaseplea-ah!" Without warning he sheathes himself completely into you with one rough thrust followed by a long groan. "God, how are you always so fucking tight?" He staggers a bit as he pulls almost all the way out of you before bucking his hips towards you again. He pauses for a moment before pulling out again and starting up a slow pace, the grip on your hips getting tighter. You were biting down so hard on your bottom lip; you could have sworn you were tasting blood. "Your pussy was fucking made for me, baby. Do you hear me?" He picks up his pace, bottoming out into you. "No one can touch you like this, no one else. Fuck, baby, I'm not going to last much longer." He slows his pace just barely and he eases two fingers into you along with his cock to tap the roof of your throbbing cunt and then continues his quick pace. Your entire body was vibrating, overwhelmed and desperate to come. Your walls start to flutter and Hopper switches from his quick pace to slow, drawn out motions. "Do you want to come? Are you sure you've been good enough, baby? Tell me you want it, beg for it." You release your bottom lip, not able to keep your moans and whimpers muffled any longer. How Hopper had this much self-control you had no idea, and how you were going to walk out of here you weren't so sure of either. "Please, Hopper. I fucking need it, I need to come, please Jim. Fuck, Jim, FUCK." You nearly scream out to him in anger and frustration, but you were so fucking desperate. If he stopped right now, you might pass out you we're so pent up. "Alright, sweetheart but you better hurry- I'm so fucking close." You move one hand to reach for your clit but Hopper grabs your wrist. "No, I'm in charge- you don't fucking move unless I tell you." You let out a shaky drawn out breath, and drop your forehead to rest on your forearm- too weak to keep your head up anymore. Hopper, having kept up his

slow movements, reaches his free hand to rub firm but lazy circles around your clit before starting to pick his pace back up. Every breath you took you let out a curse, a whimper, a whine, or a moan- whatever your body felt like doing, you weren't in control of anything at all right now. Your bodies clashing together, moving to the melody of your shared grunts, moans, and groans, your walls began to flutter again and your breath started to hitch. "Cum. Right fucking now. Cum." He demands in a sharp tone, and that's all it took. You had been on the edge since Hopper started touching you so once you finally reached your release, you really lost control. Your fist hitting the desk, your legs shaking, letting out a whine with each exhale and tears welling up in your eyes- your body just so overwhelmed. Hopper finished just after you with a roar, ripping his hand from your clit to grip hard onto your hips, his nails digging into your tingling skin. Hopper slowed to lazy thrusts for you both to ride out the last of your orgasm before pulling himself and his fingers out of you. Neither of you moved, however. You both just stood in that position, listening to your heavy breathing and to the loud music and bustling coming from outside. He cracks a slight smile before turning your head to face him. "Do you think anyone noticed that we were gone?" He smiles and huffs into a laugh, letting go of your hip to grab a handful of tissues from the box on his desk to start cleaning you up. "Oh, absolutely." You both let out tired laughs and he pulls your dress back down. You stand up straight and turn around to face him, wrapping your arms around his neck, his hands finding your hips once again. "You're probably right, but at least we gave them something to talk about." "Nah, they'll probably be too drunk to remember it anyways." You pull him in for a gentle kiss, your fingers messing with the hair on his neck. "Well I don't plan forgetting that, anytime soon. My ass sure won't be anyways." He lets out a breathy laugh before moving his hands to massage your tender ass, making you wince slightly. "Sorry, baby. I'm sure we can think of a way for you to get back at me." He plants a kiss on your cheek before grabbing your hand to lead you back to the party.